JEWELRY THE RAGE

MEIRLOOMS OF ROYALTY WORN BY NEW YORK WOMEN.

It Is Part of the Revival of the Directoire Washions-Much Jewelry Once Owner by Noble Families in Europe New Held in America—The Collectors

One of the noticeable changes in fashion as evidenced at the opera and the Horse Show has brought about a new era in lewelry for which the Directoire, Empire or First Consulate, as one may choose to term the period to which women have returned, is undoubtedly responsible.

A barbario generosity in jewelry rked the attire of the Empress Josephwho was responsible for so many of the styles that in a modified form are seen on the street, at the theatre, opera and public and private functions. Pearls ere favorites with her, and pearls are in In the dressing room of the Manhattan

Opera House on the opening night a young nan with a turquoise Empire gown was seen adjusting at the loop of the girdle ends an exquisite filigree buckle of gold encrusted with seed pearls, which apolte the word heirloom in silent elo-quence. Her only other ornament consisted of a necklace of the same tiny seeds braided and twisted and at the clasp worn thin by the use of many generations was the initial of a family whose diamonds and other gems have furnished a topic of interest for many years.

In one of the boxes, topping an elabor ats coiffure of puffs, curls and braids, was coronet of dull silver set with diamonds of the old Indian mines, of the rare blue tint which was pointed out by a conur as an undoubted find at some Parisian jeweller's shop. This same conisseur, lost to such matters as high tes and sartorial eccentricities, pointed out here and there in box and orchestra seat proof of his contention that conven- gold rings studded with mock pearls. nality in iewelry at the present moment diocre spirit.

vidual as they were at that most artisconform to the general rule as sug- tiniest to those six or seven inches long. ested by the leaders of the modes."

quite so much as the bee comb in which itself being about two inches long. fleur de lis was replaced by the Na- The question arises naturally, Where crusted with tiny gems.

are particularly fond, were seen at out of the nineteenth century. necks of many of the older women. This question is only partly answered

ing train and extremely high waist line. Many of these long chains are now onized with a suit of imperial blue



same tint, looped together with tiny At the Horse Show it was noticed that marks the limited bank account and the as in the Empire time tiny watches were worn suspended from chains about the "Fashion," he quotes sententiously, neck instead of being sucked away in has, according to Balzac, never been the gowns or hung on fobs. Some of smything more than the general opinion these watches, if they contained modern these watches, if they contained modern on the subject of dress; and the general works, were certainly old in model. The on to-day is that one must be in- First Consul crosses were outlined with owner's coat pockets. pearls or diamonds, were rarely plain, period in France and the individuality but were worn in every size from the

As to the long earrings which fashion The speaker points to the golden au-soled head of a pretty girl whose loops by no means popular it may at least be nd twists of hair are caught by shell said that they are holding their own, bs, each with a narrow line of dia- the First Empire modes being to a certain across the top with a tiny fleur extent responsible for them. One pair de lis in the centre and remarks that the noticed consisted of two enormous pearls, namentation of combs was one of the from which were suspended a dozen st conspicuous modes in the Empire smaller stones forming a tiny rope ending and that particular design was in pearl tassels, each strand of the tassel considerably, though not of course ending in a diamond, and the earring

poleonic insect with outstretched wings does all this old jewelry come from? Some of it is evidently genuine, some The long neck chains, popular in the faithfully duplicates, designs and models First Consul days and of which Parisians of the late eighteenth and the beginningt

One particularly beautiful chain was long by the fashionable jewellers of the city, ugh to twist about the neck a second who in their private cases have stowed time and to permit a second twist below away special designs which they have bust. It was ornamented with rose purchased themselves, possibly to sell poral oblongs, perfectly matched in color after they have been duplicated, or to size, holding a coral encrusted lor- return to some customer who has lent gnette of the Louis XVI. period. This them for copying. According to one of chain, coral hair combs, and a coral ornamented buckle completed the decora- and other European cities for the choicest tions of a coral tinted velvet gown, of models of jewelry worn during the Conecurse in Empire mode, with long sweep- sulate and the Empire, for the gems of that period are in America.

"We don t realize the fact;" said this worn to hold the must and one beautiful jeweller, "but it is true that the majority regard to the price. I had a Western ing woman divesting herself of a set of the chaf d'anyong of that time and of white fox, slipped from the muff an of other periods as well, remarkable exquisite chain of handwrought gold, for their sesthetic grace in this form of an undoubted antique, too valuable to art, are to be seen on some such occasion left to the chances of a public ward- as a first night at the opera, a classy ball robe. Another chain of black enamel given by one of the leaders of society on silver held the pillow muff of black or in the jewel casket of some collector for at a Horse Show matinée, and still who does not care particularly for the another, utilized in the same way, har- public exhibition of these treasures so long as the joy of the connoisseur may be and was in semi-precious stones of the experienced by actual possession.

Investigation along this line leads to an old curiosity shop where an acknowledged authority on the subject has an interesting exhibit of antique jewels, a great part of which is too highly prized to be placed in the regular cases but is drawn out as the talk goes on from secre recesses, from the interior of a huge safe and even from chamois bags in the

He is in especially good humor, for he has just sold a thousand dollar snuffbox of bloodstone (1765) decorated on the top with a spray of diamond flowers threatened last winter, while they are and lined and mounted in dull gold. The purchase has been made by one of the few collectors of this form of personal chattels in the city, who has hesitated a long time between that and a watch of repoussé gold set with turquoises and diamonds, having an open face with a big hole in it to be wound by means of an old fashioned key.

There are other interesting clients who are ushered out just before the connoisseur comes in to complete his purchase of the snuffbox which it has taken him four days to accomplish. One couple are foreign looking and they come from the inner room, where only the most important deals are consummated. They are conversing in German and a great deal of deference is shown them by the antiquarian, who sees them get into a cab and drive away.

When the shop is cleared he takes from an old velvet case an exquisite corsage piece of diamonds about six inches wide and five long. This is an heirloom which he has just purchased from the couple in question. That it is no unusual incident for some of the nobility of the Old World to go to him to dispose of lot of bogus stuff on the market and one well with the classic gowns that are worn

their only capital he admits. "In this case there is no dickering in most expert of us get fooled." this kind whose authenticity was un- of these are of the Napoleonic era. doubted and who was willing to pay al-The Western woman has purchased a had them from her grandmother. house in New York, has an opera box and will open the eyes of her friends.

antiques as at present," the antiquarian goes on to say. "It is undoubtedly due to the revival of the Directoire styles. Vomen are being better educated all along the line and don't any longer buy jewels rom one or two well known houses for the pleasure of saying that they come from Soandso's without heeding the fact that the piece may be worn in duplicate by dozens of other women from the Atantic to the Pacific and only represents the expanditure of a certain sum of money without either taste or information.

"I have just completed my seventeenth trip to Europe. So far as any real profit is concerned I consider the last few journeys wasted. All the jewels that it is possible to get hold of are now in America. The rest are strongly protected by ownership in private families and only bankruptcy or other misfortune will place them on the market.

"At a fashionable night at the opera this winter there is no doubt that the connoisseur might state that every line of of the nobility gets stranded he decamps

time for the Oriental jewels, when Egyp-tian and Japanese and Indian work flourished. A great deal of the work done then was merely imitated from genuine models, but a great deal of it is sold now in good faith by purchasers of it in Paris or other parts of Europe who really believe that it was made in the Orient.

"Here is a tiara that belonged to s French Countess who came over just to sell it in America. It is a genuine fifteenth century piece and is valued at \$5,000. Like most of the work of that time it is done in silver, not because the diamonds showed off better, as some contend, but because sliver was more easily procurable and the setting was never permitted to be obtrusive.

"The most wonderful gold work was done by the Italians and it is very hard to procure. You can search the old shops of Italy to-day and find only good imitations; and you can get those here.

"Cameos, however, you can get in considerable abundance, and if the fad to royal lineage in Europe is represented reestablish them in fashion had sucin the jewel display and would not be far ceeded there were several fine sets, of wrong in his statement. As soon as one authentic history, that might have been procured by an enterprising expert. with his family plate and jewels, and But cameos cannot be made popular for America offers the safest as well as the some reason; you will find a few scatmost lucrative market. But there is a tered specimens which correspond very



sold to well known collectors here. be led by fashion, but seem to adapt fashion to their needs. A client came to me "A woman on her way to

and she screamed with delight when she found one of gray jasper, the gem of the after she had purchased it."

very valuable lot. She had this scarab design made into a necklet set in dull bands of gold and it was very effective and cost a pretty penny.

"Another woman who knows a great deal about the value of designs and history of jewels has urged her husband to take her to Mexico this winter for no reason except to browse around the shops and places there, having learned that there are no metal workers in the world to-day that can compare with some of those old Mexican gold and silver smiths and that while the most of their best pieces are buried in their hills and mounds there are ways for the knowing-who have the price—to get them unearthed.

"When you see an old Mexican fire opal set as a brooch or necklace or a piece of opal matrix in a bracelet, with their ounning arabesques of handwrought silver you don't have to look much further for genuine beauty. There is a lot of the old Spanish jewelry there too which hasn't been gobbled up yet. They were "There are some women so very original clever artificers and no doubt in time wa in their tastes that they simply will not will manage to get most of their jewels

"A woman on her way to the Horse Show a short time ago for a necklace to wear the other day purchased a snuffbox which with a smoke colored evening dress.

"I suggested coral, jade, emeralds and every other stone I could think of and showed has some an interest a single of the stone of the st showed her some antique models. Noth- expert and thought at first it was an old ing would do. Finally, and I wouldn't Italian piece until I pointed out that good have showed them to her if she had no as the old Spanish work was it could not been a valued customer, I took out from compare with their neighbors' in execumy safe my collection of royal scarabs tion and showed her some examples of



SOME EMPIRE JEWELRY SEEN AT THE OPERA.

has to know the hallmarks, and even the now, but they are not light or showy

He takes out of a secret drawer a simple they do not take. roman in here only the other day," he strand of pearls and an oval brooch with says, "who wanted to buy something of a pearl bouquet as decoration. Both

"I picked them up in Paris years ago," most any sum for it. This piece belonged he says, "and they are the only two pieces years old to a fashionable woman for a to one of the royal house of Austria and left of a number I secured at the sale Directoire coat, and a pair of paste shoe dates back to the time of Marie Louise. of the effects of a famous Countess who buckles to the same purchaser. The

"Here is a necklace of jade squares intends to start a jewel collection that alternated with gold filigree done by a pretty Mrs. Fitzherbert. He had a fad French workman at the time of the Em- for them and a few of them have been

enough; that is probably one cause why

at call for muff chain of antique make and shorter chains to fasten the boas. I sold recently a whole set of buttons that were hundreds of buckles were one of the 300 pairs owned by Prince George when he was courting

LITTLE WANTS OF A BIG CITY ODD WAYS IN WHICH SOME MEN MAKE A LIVING.

One Week's Work a Year for Santa Claus by Foolish Pigeons-Bables Checked-

Lobster Cruisers-"Ground Squirrels."

Anybody can be a clerk or a clergyman or a bank president or a teamster. It takes more individuality to strike out in a career like that of the man who works but one week in the year.

This man is Santa Claus. He was once a civil engineer and then he became an architect and finally he deserted both callings and became Santa Claus.

His head is covered with a great mass of snow white hair. It falls down over his venerable shoulders and mingles with his equally white beard. The latter falls far down his chest and the old gentleman oks for all the world like the pictures of Santa Claus. Every holiday season he can be found working in some store. posing as the holiday saint, rattling shiny toys before the fascinated gaze of New York's million children.

Fifty-one weeks in the year he works not at all, and how he subsists and has enough money to buy his little red drinks

no man can tell. There is another peculiar calling. In downtown office a man sits day after day writing obituary notices. He has developed the knack of writing pretty nothings about men who are still living, and an industrious salesman sees that these eulogies are set up in type and shown to the flattered subject, who is usually peruaded to pay in return for the promise that every newspaper of importance will receive a proof sheet of his life's happenings. Often these obituaries are pubshed before the subject dies, as for intance on the occasion of his wife's suing

him for divorce. The lineup man is a product of New York and of nowhere else. He belongs to a clan of agile, sinewy legged brethren who infest back yards and his business is to shin up the poles from which are pended innumerable clotheslines to fix up frayed out lines, tie on new ropes and get the courtyard rigging into shipshape idition against the Monday wash. He ill climb the highest pole in Harlem ithout the aid of a net and fix your ropes for 25 cents.

Lady, it is decidedly unsafe to trundle your baby about in that rickety carriage. s the greeting of the vender of rubber

tires for perambulators After convincing a startled mother that she has been carelessly subjecting her she has been carelessly subjecting her if there happen to be aix little waifs in the child to terrible danger from capsizing crowd, all tingling with anxiety about the crafty salesman swoops down upon their weights, the scale pusher can be

the craft, tacks on a set of new tires, tinkers up a rickety spoke, slaps a cracked hub together and hies him on his way with a merry quarter in his jeans. It's another odd job. Take the industrious sellers of keys.

They come up to your tenement home, knock at the door and ask whether you -Pickings in the Street-Boys Profit need a new key to the château. If you have just lost your last key the keyhole genius stoops down, twiddles around with a blank key and some beeswax, files a couple of notches in the blank and presto -you have a shining new key all for ten cents. A locksmith would take two days and charge you a quarter.

Every regular New Yorker has met up with the tribe of lads who haunt the exits of elevated and subway stations laden to the guard rails with umbrellas. Their oig days are the weepy days, when the clouds gather at noon and it begins to pour at 5:30, when the homeward bound

find themselves sans rainstick. These merchants will do three things for a small consideration. They will escort you to your home under the friendly shelter of an umbrella, they will rent you the said umbrella or they will sell it to you outright, to be yours forever and ave-only in case you purchase it the bally thing crumples up like tissu-

paper in the very next rainstorm. On the streets of New York you can find the one man band. He is a distinct outgrowth of East Side necessity, because jammed in amid its condensed civilization a regular full sized band couldn't do business at all and a cop would speedily silence the stoutest hearted crew. But the one man band can thread his way through the East Side's tortuous channels playing the drum, the fife, the cornet, the cymbals, thewell, everything that belongs in a real band, and charitable folk who want to help the good work along may drop their coins into the little tin cup suspended

from the top of the drum. Street acrobats in New York acrobat while the nearest policeman is furthest away. They usually roam about in twos, tumbling like circus clowns, high jumping, hoop rolling, leapfrogging and loop the looping until a suitable crowd has gathered. Then they collect the coins quickly and amble along to the next block, where a similar performance is given, with a similar collection.

On the haughty West Side you will rarely meet the bewhiskered individual with the butcher's scales, squeaking his way along with an appealing and ingratiating smile for all. He belongs to the crowded and children filled marts of the East Side, and for a cent he will weigh any child, large or small, promising absolute truth in the matter of weight, s'elp him.

lured into accepting a nickel for the weighing of the crowd.

Precisely speaking, the man with the camera cannot be included in this list of people who make a living out of curious jobs Most folks have seen him anchored on a bright corner of a Sunday afternoon taking the pictures of one and all for the small sum of 10 cents.

When you have on your best hip and

all for the small sum of 10 cents.

When you have on your best bib and tucker you strike a dignified pose, with your smallest sister leaning against you, and in two jerks of a lamb's tail your likeness is alipped upon the post card, which is kept forever after in the family album, where in years to come you gaze upon it and wonder how two such spindly legs supported such a large child.

The man with the telescope doesn't make a handsome income, and he usually

make a handsome income, and he usually looks unhappy and ill at ease, but for a nickel he will show you the ridges in the moon and the canals on Mars, and if the bulbous top piece of the Metropolitan tower gets in the way it's your own fault and your nickel is lost.

Next comes what is really a woman's calling, but strangely enough it is followed by a large man with an extremely red face and a stubby mustache. Children must like him because his business is checking them while bargain seeking mammas thread their ways through the

mammas thread their ways through the isles of stores. He stands at the head of a line of baby

He stands at the head of a line of baby carriages, soothing his round faced charges and waving a tinkling strapful of ragged edged checks. Upon delivery to him of the check which he gave you when you entered the store you may receive again your baby. No check, no baby, just as in the Chink's place

You mightn't think that a man could oke out an existence selling cataip. One does, though. He stands at an untown oke out an existence selling catnip. One does, though. He stands at an uptown corner with a basketful of cat's delight, selling it for two cents a bunch, and the old maids in the vicinity make daily pilgrimages to his corner. When you're inclined to growl about your present salary, think of the man selling catnip for two cents a bunch.

Being a dog undertaker might be classified as a curious occupation in New York. It is declared that there isn't a dog undertaker anywhere else in the world, but the one here mentioned makes.

dog undertaker anywhere else in the world, but the one here mentioned makes a fine living out of it. He takes charge of the departed dog, slicks him up, chucks him into a proper coffin and buries him with pomp, the quality and volume of said pomp being largely determined by what you have to epond upon the interment of your four legged pal.

Here's another funny occupation A man goes around through the sweatshop district mending shoes. If you are a sweatshop employee you generally have one pair of shoes, and of necessity they are on your feet. You can't leave them with the cobbler when the roof springs a leak or the uppers secede from the lowers. You haven't time to sit around the shop in your stockings.

the lowers. You haven't time to sit around the shop in your stockings.
So this itinerant cobbler hunts you up at your shop, takes off your shoes while you sew and caulks up the seams, tacks on soles and heels and you pay him with a cheerful smile and some small change.
Steeplejacks are peculiar in a way, but they have found another occupation in addition to crawling up flagstaffs.
They tinker the roofs of downtown sky-

scrapers. Ordinary janitors and help-ers refuse to slide around on a roof that's

half way up to heaven, because they say it makes them dizzy and they would probably fall off and be mussed. So the

probably fall off and be mussed. So the regular steenleiack is called upon, and when the sixty-ninth story roof needs a shingle he is the man to put it on.

Speaking of roofs recalls another curious occupation. Only in our best circles can it be found, and it consists of a man standing upon a roof watching twenty clotheslines to see that some hard working maid doesn't go south with my lady's lingerie. The big apartment houses have special roof watchimen and they work the year round, guarding all the clothes that can be hung upon ever so many lines. These men are highly unpopular with the Maids' Association.

Local Number Nine.

Now comes an occupation that deserves nothing but hard words and the righteous denunciation of all honest folk. Boys

nothing but hard words and the righteous denunciation of all honest folk. Boys have their own doveootes with homing pigeons in occupancy. The homing pigeons, which haven't a shred of probity about them, fly gayly into the streets and consort with strange pigeons, passing the time of day and insidiously working into the good graces of the unsuspecting

the time of day and insidiously working into the good graces of the unsuspecting strange pigeons.

It is notorious that pigeons love company. Put a pigeon by itself and in time it dies of loneliness. So when the trained and reprehensible homing pigeon suggests a little visit up as the cote, with a sly reference to a bit of choice fodder, out they start the homing pigeon followed. reference to a bit of choice fodder, out they start, the homing pigeon followed by one or several unsuspecting fellows.

They hike into the bad boys' cote, which is equipped with trapdoors. The next day the poor little pigeons are hanging in the butcher's window, tastefully dressed, the wicked boys are jingling new coins and the despicable homing pigeons are sneaking about the streets for other victims.

new coins and the despicable homing pigeons are sneaking about the streets for other victims.

Another curious occupation is that of the office shylock. He is usually a foreigner who makes \$10 a week and he carries a roll of bills large enough to burn a wet dog. When he lends \$10 on Monday morning you pay him back \$12 Saturday night. You always pay it. You have a distrust of foreigners and they may dislike you if you don't pay your obligations. The office shylock generally masquerades as a shoe shiner.

People who go downtown at night rarely miss seeing the man who advertises various things through an electricisin on his chest. He presses a button at intervals and a light flashes, urging you to buy a cigar or a stick of gum or something else. The right thing to say, because every one says it upon passing this individual, is, "That's a fine thing for a grown man to be doing!"

Down the bay there is another industry most people never hear of. Enterprising yenders owning thair hoats

Down the bay there is another industry most people never hear of. Enterprising venders owning their boats meet incoming tramp freighters and sell the crews everything from a pair of mittens to a cough cure. They load their craft with most things you find in a department store and they drive fine bargains with the sailors.

Then come the lobster craisers. A footile of swift motor boats race into

Then come the lobster cruisers. A flotilla of swift motor boats race into port every morning about 4 o'clock laden to the top floor with fresh lobsters. boats are powerful and speedy e their owners must scoot around all night far night far down the So sters from the fishermen.

and blizzard, fearing nothing but a warm rain, which is bad for their cargo. Each boat has a crew of three men, and when the load of lobsters is piled into the bottom the race begins. They tear up the Sound, and the man with the speediest boat gets the best prices upon reaching port. reaching port.

Down among the newly arrived immi-grants a number of men manage to scrape a living by selling first lessons in scrape a living by selling first lessons in English to the strangers struggling with our tongue. These lessons are in the form of simple English sentences, followed by the translation in the tongue of the foreigner. Five cents will buy enough assorted conversation to last a new import savaral weeks.

assorted conversation to last a new import several weeks.

"Ground squirrel" is the name applied to men who work for bookmakers at the racetracks. They blossomed forth after Gov. Hughes laid an iron hand over the betting field, and their work was to sneak around, watching big bettors, gathering bits of information and whispering it to the man who made the book.

TAXICAB OF HIS OWN. One Former Hansom Driver Who Wen It Alone Prosperously. The taxicab chauffeurs' strike helpe

to call attention to the many varieties of taxicab there are in the city. It helped also to bring out that there are many ione taxicabs for hire which do not belong to any company at all. There are men in slapping down half a dollar I said, Give the city who have gone into the game for this man anything to eat that this will themselves after finding out that automobile hacking has hurt the horse trade

One of these men bought a small automobile, second hand, of a type that costs new only about \$900. He had the touring body rebuilt, with a cover on the lines of the familiar taxicab tonneau. Then he bought himself one of the taxameter devices for indicating distances and fares and set to work down around the ferries where he used to have his place in the horse cab ranks. The taxicab engine is made so that it

shall be economical of gasolene, doing a great deal of work for the amount of fuel used. This man was lucky enough to get an engine that didn't need much tinkering.

"I'm making good money now," he puts it. "In fact I'm glad they drove me into this business."

toe into o'clock obsters. Speedy around buying around buying around the state of th tory as far as finding out what arma y cover a long route and they work dillos are, especially among the small night except Saturday, in storm

when he gave a sob and wailed at me-I can't describe it any other way-he simply wailed 'I don't want money. Take me into a restaurant and buy me a meal. I'm hungry.

"Well, I was in a hurry and I didn't. I have suffered for it since. I can hear that Involuntary Attempts to Help Athletes hungry voice and I wish I had bought him a meal. But a few days earlier I had a different experience.

"A voluble chap stopped me and swore he was dving of starvation. I think he said he had only had a crust out of a garbage can in forty-eight hours. He was so eager that I couldn't resist him, but he didn't inspire me with complete confidence. out again and steered him across the street to a beanery.

"I marched him up to the counter and buy for him.' "I was turning to tell him that if he

couldn't eat it all up at once he could come back and get another meal for the balance when I was dumfounded by a sort of choking expression on his face.

"His eyes were fairly bulging and he

"His eyes were lairly building and he clasped his hands in agony as he entreated, 'Oh, please, sir, don't waste all that money on food.' Then, as he noticed my amazement, he whined. 'You see, I need a bed to sleep in to-night.'

"It seemed plausible. I turned to say he might have the change after his supper and for when I caught the cashier's

he might have the change after his supper was paid for, when I caught the cashier's eye. It said, 'Don't you be fooled' as plainly as the droop of a lid could say it.

"'Oh, if you're so hungry,' I remarked blandly, 'you can easily eat half a dollar's worth and it's hardly worth while going to bed at this hour.' Then I ambled out and as I looked over my shoulder I wand was not should be in the looked over my shoulder I wand as I looked over my shoulder I wand as I looked over my shoulder I wand over the looked over my shoulder I wand over my should be a should be to bed at this hour. Then I ambled out and as I looked over my shoulder I saw my starving man sitting down at one of

and as I looked over my shoulder I saw my starving man sitting down at one of the tables, palpably the worst hobo that ever sat down to a square feed.

"I had another queer experience outside the Post Office lately. It was a chilly, windy night and I noticed that a clow sized, elderly man coming toward me had no overcoat. This made me look at him, and something very sad in his expression held my attention. His clothes were quite respectable and his gray whiskers were neatly trimmed.

"Just as we passed I looked back at him. He was looking back too and as he caught me rubbering he hesitated, then turned and followed me, saying. I wonder if you'd give a little help to an old man?"

If was in good humor. I answered, "I'll take a chance on you, and tipped him a quarter, all the change I had." "You're making no mistake this time."

THE MEN WHO WANT A NICKEL.

Experiences of a Man With the Late

Night Park Row Petitieners.

"These men who brace me for the price of a meal every night are a sad trial to my nerves," said a man whose business causes him to be out late at night on Park row. "I can't give to them all and how am I to choose?

"I waved a fellow aside impatiently the other morning—it was about 3 A. M.—

said he; 'I've fallen low when I have to ask for it. I'll hurry home to the old woman with it.' And would you believe it, that old man—he can't have been less than 65—started on a queer shuffling trecover from my astonishment. The last glimpse I caught of him he was still trotting somewhere along the City Hall Park sidewalk.

"Now I wonder what the truth was. Was he making the fastest time he could for the nearest stale beer dive or was he really making for some poor room where

really making for some poor room where there was an old wife waiting hungry on the chance of him bringing something home? I prefer to think I was cheated rather than think of that."

EFFORT BY PROXY.

at Exciting Moments.

In pictures of athletic compeditions, chiefly hurdle races and high jumps, an occasional spectator is seen caught by the camera in a queer posture. If it is a picture of an athlete leaping,

ten chances to one the spectator has involuntarily raised his right leg, twistdidn't inspire me with complete confidence. ing his body in automatic expression of I put my hand in my pocket, but drew it a desire to help the jumper. With hurdle race photographs this often may be noticed too, and in the case of sprinters not a few men stand with faces twisted up and holding the breath in correct imitation of the athlete. So too with football views. In one of

a big game recently there was a photograph of a man on the side line watching a tackle who was crouching down in almost exact imitation of a waiting defence man who was shown at the moment making ready for his leap at the runner.

Men who follow athletics know how involuntary this is. One athietic trainer has appeared in hundreds of pictures as watching some one of his charges high jumping, with his leg swung out just as if he were making the leap himself. There is a sort of relief for the feeling of trying to help the jumper in swinging the leg up so, and almost any person is likely to do it.

It may be noticed at prizefights that some men go through the entire battle punch for punch, crossing and countering an imaginary opponent as they watch the struggle before them. Men drive and ride horses in races from the stand, making the effort in the stretch along with the jockey of their fancy. This is one of the well known features among the

of the well known features among the race crowd where there are many "grand stand riders." In wrestling matches almost any one will try, purely by instinct, to help the athlete who is down and who is bridging desperately.

And yet there is rarely enough telepathic suggestion in the air surcharged with desire to bring about a result different from what naturally might be expected at the moment when the greatest wish for something else is born. That is to say the high jumper doesn't necessarily clear the bar, nor the sprinter sarily clear the bar, nor the sprinter squeeze out the inch or so that he needs, nor the jockey whip his mount in for the head that means victory.